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CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," &c., AND BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH," "PICTURE OF SCOTLAND," &c.

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## THE ALIASES OF SELF.\*

IN the more glaring and ordinary of his forms, Self is easily detected, and has already been pretty well exposed. He is a demon, however, of so subtle a character, that, after he has been banished from the citadel of the human mind, he will take up his residence, and contrive to maintain a decent reputation, in the suburbs, notwithstanding that the whole is within the bounds of the same police. Even after he has been trampled down and annihilated twenty times as a vice, up he will start somewhere else under the disguise of a virtue, and again be as rampant as ever. The most cultivated and ingenuous natures will often be imposed upon by him in that shape, and, while they think themselves altogether clear of his presence, will show themselves in public, with the sordid fiend walking familiarly by their side, in the mask of their favourite kind of righteousness. Less worthy natures, who dare not entertain him openly, will deliberately invite his presence and feed his appetite, provided he will come in one of his prepossessing incognitos. It is evidently necessary that every shift, trick, and alias of this enemy of human happiness, should be exposed, so that the good may be put on their guard against him, both in themselves and in others.

One of the best of his disguises is conscientiousness. Thus an individual of generally good dispositions, punctual in every engagement, and totally unconscious of any positive ill design against his fellow-creatures, will sometimes be found to act with intense selfishness and self-worship, in regard to others who do not happen to be so very exact in the performance of common duties. It is obvious that, in all the relations of life, commercial and otherwise, there is no such thing as nett results: a tare and tret must in all cases be allowed for the imperfection of human nature, and the liability of all human designs to be in some measure frustrated by inadequacy of means, or unforeseen accidents. But a person of the kind we speak of, possessing perhaps an unusual share of means, both external and internal, for the accomplishment of all his aims, and having no desire to wrong others, scarcely perceives any necessity for making allowances of that kind, and accordingly thinks himself entitled to extort every penalty for failure, or at least to visit the defaulters with the very extremity of his wrath. Alive only to the sentiment of conscientiousness, which he thinks himself bound never to see violated with impunity, and particularly when his own rights are concerned, he fails to observe, that, in exacting what appears a just retribution, he is perhaps only indulging the horrid passion of revenge, and that every word he utters for the apparent purpose of pointing out and denouncing the errors which have been committed, is an offering laid upon the altar of his own self-sufficiency—a direct act of self-worship. It is thus possible for a man to reach an almost angelic correctness in all the ordinary duties of life, and yet, by wanting that mercy which forms the crowning grace—that mercy which has as evidently been ordained an essential part of morality, as imperfection has been ordained to characterise, in a greater or less degree, every part of human conduct—to be in reality more than usually defective—defective to a degree which, if he were sensible of it, would shock his own accurate mind more than any other. Nor is this dreadful fault confined to the mercantile world or to the common run of duties: it is found to detract from

the highest aspirations of our nature, to put the torch of persecution into hands the most pure and holy, and to blight with a sneer the face of Benevolence itself.

Another of the modes which Self takes for insinuating himself into good company, may be thus described:—An individual has been made sore by certain animadversions upon his conduct, in points where he is justly liable to blame, and could not, without showing great weakness, reply. Prudence obliges him to sit down with the injury in the meantime; but it is not the less cherished in memory. Let the aggressor for the future take care of his own conduct, for, he may depend upon it, at the very first opportunity, the aggrieved gentleman will be out upon him with something much more hard to bear. A very small aggression has often produced in this manner a revenge which seemed, like the promise of the barrel-pent genie in the Arabian tale, to have increased in proportion to the delay. Not only was the original offence to be expiated, but also the hard necessity which had kept it so long burning within the bosom of the injured. In some such cases there may be nothing more than what is to be fairly expected from human nature, and no great harm may be done after all. But there are others, in which self-love comes so strongly and so odiously into play, that they cannot be passed over so easily. For instance, we may have been for a long time unable to obtain the gratification of talking feebly about ourselves: suddenly, something—or rather some nothing—is insinuated against us; up we then start, with the appearance of great indignation, but in reality pleased beyond measure, and, under the pretence of defending ourselves, deliver a long exposition of our own character, allowing here and there, of course, a few venial faults, which our friends can hardly fail to interpret into virtues, but, upon the whole, making it pretty clear that we are excellent, delightful, ill-used people. Affairs of this kind often take place in the literary world. An author is condemned for stupidity, and all other kinds of faults which lie within the range of legitimate criticism: this he cannot advert to; but lo and behold! something is insinuated against his veracity; here he can fairly interfere, and he does it with a vengeance; far more than avenging, under pretext of simply repelling that charge, all the other severities under which he was smarting. Another may have conceived himself to be neglected or treated superciliously by an individual of the same irritable profession; the reputation of the latter, both in respect of his personal character and his literary merits, is too high to allow of any direct attack: no sooner, however, does a little chink become perceptible in his panoply, than the imaginarily aggrieved party hurls a poisoned dart through *that*, and, in enjoying its effect, deludes himself with the reflection that he has only performed an act of justice. It often happens among men in general, that, by some mistake or undesigned injury, one lays himself under the mercy of another, with hardly any plea but his purity of intention to save himself and fortune from legal ruin. A poor man may thus aggrieve a wealthy one; or a wealthy one may aggrieve a poor one; or an equal may injure an equal: it is a misfortune which all are liable to fall into. In such cases, it would be becoming in the injured party to act in a spirit of forgiveness, and make the reparation as easy as possible to the injurer. This is simply what humanity requires of us, though generosity perhaps could not be gratified with any thing short of entire pardon. What is the general behaviour in such cases? I grieve to say that the old incogitate doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth still obtains too much amongst us. From that excessive conscientiousness towards our-

selves which has already been remarked upon, or perhaps from the mere desire of having a fracas made about ourselves, or from the pleasure of bringing down a superior under our feet (a dear enjoyment to minds of the inferior sort), we will have full expiation—nothing but "the pound of flesh" will satisfy us. There are few lights in which human nature is shown more unfavourably than it is in this. Yet the fault is not altogether chargeable to the persons who display such an unbearing disposition. It is partly to be accounted for by the state of the reasoning faculty amongst us, which is too imperfect to show that such conduct is wrong. Individuals who are guilty of making severe exactions for the unpremeditated aggressions of their neighbours, only do so because they find an opportunity of gratifying selfishness without the censure of society. If it were a matter of open public opinion that to act in this manner is as wicked as deliberately to assail the interests of our neighbour, and if he who forgives were to find a proportionate approbation, conduct of the kind alluded to would soon disappear, like so many other proscribed forms of selfishness, and a man unwittingly aggrieved would feel pleasure in cancelling the trespass, even while he was suffering from it.

Self sometimes succeeds in tricking itself out in the guise of more amiable virtues than even justice. It will take the shape of the tenderest of the domestic affections. An individual who has become the father of a large family (though with rather an increase than a decrease of worldly possessions) will make that circumstance an apology for refusing a charitable contribution, in cases where other persons, relatively much poorer, feel the contrary conduct to be a duty. He looks around on the beings whom he allowably and laudably loves above all other terrestrial objects, and deliberately profanes one of the most sacred and beautiful of all his feelings, by causing it to sanction an act of pure selfishness. Of course it is not to be in the least desired, that any man should imprudently postpone either his own interests or those of his family to any general consideration of benevolence; all that can be demanded by the moralist is, that, when he feels a disposition to overlook a charitable claim on account of these interests, he should carefully search his heart, and, if possible, ascertain that his motive is really what he supposes it to be. The danger is, that he deceives himself as to his motive, and conceives himself to be acting upon the most correct principles when he is the slave of the very meanest of the passions. "Charity begins at home" is unfortunately an adage which few think of questioning: it never rises in the mind of any individual, or is uttered in the presence of any company, without carrying all before it; a striking proof of the narrow views which habitually animate the great mass of society. If, while its general propriety was allowed, its application were in every case carefully inquired into, it would seldom be a blind to the well-disposed, or a deliberately assumed excuse to the sordid.

The disposition to retain, where giving is a duty, often masks itself under the specious disguise of a scruple as to the right application of the gift. "Why should I contribute? I know not how the funds of this charity are administered. It will only be feeding a parcel of rapacious officials." Or, "It is quite in vain to relieve needy people. They are just as badly off in a few days. Nay, perhaps, they will immediately go and spend my mite upon liquor, so that I shall only be doing them harm." Such scruples are perhaps very proper; but we are not entitled to button up our pockets upon the scruple alone. We are bound to be at some pains to satisfy ourselves as to

\* The present article purposely comes at a short interval after one to which it is somewhat allied in character and object—that entitled "Kindness for Kindness," in No. 152.

the administration of the funds of the charity, and the probable use to which the individual petitioner may apply our contribution: or at least, if we do not so, and, on account of such scruples, refuse that aid which we could easily lend, we are called upon to search most carefully into the motives which animate us at the moment, and, for the sake of our self-respect, ascertain that they are not selfish.

Such are only a few of the mummeries which Self plays among poor mortals. If, by depicting them, we shall be the means of narrowing in the least his field of operation in the human mind, whether by warning the good or exposing the bad, the purpose of our little essay will have been accomplished.

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

##### LOSS OF SIGHT.

By William Mackenzie, M. D. Glasgow.

In former times, small-pox proved so frequent a cause of loss of sight, that one could not pass along the streets of any populous town, without meeting persons disfigured and deprived of vision, from the effects of that disease. Though this cause has been greatly obviated, and sight saved, by the practice of inoculation, and more recently of vaccination, so that the number of blind people is now proportionally much less than fifty or a hundred years ago, there are still many injurious influences to which the eyes are exposed, and which are apt to leave these organs either destroyed, or so greatly impaired, that they can no longer serve for the active employments of life.

Infants of a few days old are liable to an inflammation of the eyes, of a very dangerous sort. It first attracts notice about the third day after birth, and is attended with a discharge of matter from between the eyelids. If the disease is neglected, this discharge increases, the eyelids become very red and much swollen, in a few days the eyeballs burst, and vision is entirely destroyed. This lamentable event occurs but too frequently, especially among the poor, who are totally unaware of the dangerous nature of the disease, are afraid of having any thing done to infants so young, or content themselves with some such trifling treatment as the washing of the eyes with the mother's milk; till at length getting alarmed at the continued flow of matter, application is made for medical advice, and, upon examination, the eyes are too often found irretrievably injured. Yet this is a disease completely under control, if proper means of treatment be had recourse to within the first few days.

The origin of this disease of new-born children is carelessness in washing the eyes immediately after birth, too much exposure of the child to light, and sudden transitions of temperature. The washing of the eyes ought to be carefully and gently performed, with a bit of soft clean sponge or old linen, and a little tepid water, without soap, before any thing else is done to the child; and the eyes ought to be exposed neither to the full glare of day, nor to much heat or cold. There is reason to believe that the inflammation of the eyes of new-born children of which we are now speaking, is sometimes owing to whisky getting into the eyes, that fluid being occasionally used by women for washing the infant's head immediately after birth. Should the child actually be attacked by this inflammatory affection of the eyes, no time should be lost in applying for assistance. In a few days, all danger is in general set aside by the use of the proper remedies.

The disease just spoken of is termed a *purulent ophthalmia*; that is to say, an inflammation of the eyes attended with a discharge of pus or matter. This, however, is not the only inflammation of the eyes which claims that appellation. In adults, the same kind of disease often occurs, being excited by cold, and not unfrequently by contagion. For it is well ascertained that the matter taken from the eyes of a new-born child affected in the manner already described, or from the eyes of an adult labouring under the same sort of disease brought on by cold, is capable of exciting a similar inflammation, if incautiously applied to the healthy eye of another person. Excited in this way, by inoculation, the disease runs in the adult, a course not less dangerous to vision, than it does in the new-born infant.

The Egyptian ophthalmia is a contagious purulent inflammation of the eyes, so destructive to vision, that in Egypt the number of blind persons is prodigious; nearly every fifth inhabitant, it is stated, having lost an eye, and many both. Ignorance of the nature of the disease, and of the proper mode of treatment, is in a great measure the cause of such disastrous effects.

By far the most common cause of impaired vision in children, is an inflammation of the membrane which lines the eyelids and covers the eyeball, attended by the formation of pimples or little pustules on the diseased surface. This disease, often called *pustular ophthalmia*, seldom attacks infants before the period of teething. From that time till about eight years of age, is the period of life during which it is most prevalent. It is attended with an excessive aversion to light. Even when the complaint is but commencing, the child cannot bear to open his eyes, but shuts them instantly on the light being admitted, and seeks to hide himself in some dark corner. To such an extent does this symptom sometimes go, so great is the child's dread of the light, that he will often for days, weeks, nay even months together, keep his hands over his eyes, or lie on his face, pressing his eyes against the pillow. It is in vain to ask a child affected in this way, to

open his eyes, that their state may be examined. This he cannot in general do, how willing soever he may be. Children are frequently met with, who have for many months been affected in the manner now described, the state of their eyes never having been ascertained, and nothing attempted for their relief, except perhaps the use of some eye water, often of a nature more likely to prove injurious than beneficial. At length, on a proper examination being made, they are found to have their eyes materially, perhaps irreparably, injured, from such neglect.

The little pustules which appear in this disease are in many cases situated on the cornea, or transparent front of the eye; and if allowed to run their course (as too often they are, in children whose parents are careless, or timid, or are acting under the advice of some one who tells them that the complaint is nothing), these pustules burst, and form ulcers, which gradually grow broader and deeper, and sometimes penetrate into the eye, producing excessive pain, and allowing what is termed the *aqueous humour* to escape. This is generally followed by disfigurement of the eye, and by partial, sometimes total, loss of sight. An ulcer of the cornea never heals without leaving a speck or opacity; and if the ulcer has been deep, the speck, though it may shrink somewhat as life advances, never goes entirely away.

Parents do wrong who neglect this disease, which is apt to take such a hold of the eye as not easily to be removed, but to continue in a greater or less degree for years, so that the children's time is lost, the appearance of their eyes injured, their vision impaired, and their general health destroyed by confinement, pain, and suffering.

Not only is this disease in many instances neglected; it is in other cases woefully mistreated. The constitutional remedies which are employed are often of a weakening nature, when they should be strengthening; and the applications which non-professional advisers make to the eyes, are frequently of the most improper description. For instance, a solution of sugar of lead is often employed, in the form of drop, or eye water. Now, if there is any ulcerated spot on the surface of the eye (a very frequent occurrence in this disease), the lead is deposited on the ulcer, and forms a white chalk-like speck, easily recognised by one at all skilled in the diseases of the eye, and which generally proves an indelible impediment to vision.

The edges of the eyelids and roots of the eyelashes are subject to a peculiar inflammation, of a very tedious character. It is this disease which produces *bleared eyes* in children, and so often destroys entirely the eyelashes. If long neglected, it becomes almost incurable, and although it does not directly affect the eyeball, and never produces absolute blindness, yet it often becomes the cause of a serious degree of weakness of sight, which is apt to continue for life.

It sometimes happens, in consequence of inflammation of the eyelids, that the eyelashes lose their natural direction, or even grow out of their natural place, and turning towards the eyeball, rub upon it, and continually irritate it, so as to cause inflammation of the eyeball, and sometimes to bring on specks on the transparent part of the eye. In other cases, the long continuance of this disease produces a turning out of the eyelids, so that more or less of their internal surface is exposed to view. This is particularly apt to happen to the lower eyelids, and besides giving to the patient a very unseemly appearance, renders the eye watery, and unable to bear any close employment of the sight.

A fruitful source of loss of sight consists in *injuries* of the eyes, received in breaking stones, blasting rock, chipping iron, and the like. In many instances, complete extinction of vision, from some essential part of the eye being torn or otherwise destroyed, is the immediate effect of the injuries in question; as well as of severe blows on the eye, with sticks, the fist, &c. In other cases, the injured eye might be saved, were it not for the injudicious attempts made by ignorant persons to remove particles of iron and the like, which have lodged on the surface of the eye. These attempts (often rudely made, perhaps with a common penknife, by smiths, and others totally unacquainted with the delicate and important nature of the parts on which they venture to operate, and not unfrequently made when there is actually nothing adhering to the eye but merely the mark or stain left by the offending substance), are generally followed by violent inflammation, both on the surface of the eyeball and within its cavities. The inflammatory action, thus excited, is extremely apt to end in the formation of matter, which going on to accumulate, produces excruciating pain, and causes the eye at last to burst—an event which generally leaves the organ in so altered a condition, that there is no hope of sight being restored.

The accidents which occur in breaking stones, and the like, might in almost all instances be prevented by the use of wire-gauze shades for the eyes. These, in the form of spectacles, are used by fencing pupils, and are sold for two shillings and sixpence, but could be made in a plainer way for half that price. There can scarcely be a more useful piece of charity than the presenting of a pair of these shades to a poor man who is beginning to break stones on the road; as, without the sort of protection which such shades afford, particles of whinstone are exceedingly apt to be driven into his eyes, yet unaccustomed to shut at the instant of the stroke of the hammer.

The effects of the accidents in question might, on

the other hand, be moderated in many cases by a cautious removal of the foreign substances adhering to the eye, and by proper medical treatment. Humanity naturally leads the bystander to seek to relieve his fellow-creature in pain, and in many instances where particles of stone and the like have lodged in the eye, by merely laying hold of the eyelashes of the upper eyelid, and raising the eyelid so as to expose its internal surface, the offending cause will be detected adhering there, and may readily be removed with the point of a toothpick. Vanity, however, occasionally tempts ignorant mechanics to offer themselves as oculists in cases of a much more serious sort; and the success attending their essays, where the particles are not imbedded in the tunics of the eye, but merely lie on its surface, or adhere to the membrane lining the eyelids, is apt to lead their fellow-workmen and others to form a false estimate of their skill, and to trust to them in injuries of the eye, which, from their difficulty and danger, these operators themselves, were they under the guidance of proper motives, would not venture to touch. The cases in which violent inflammation arises from their rude attempts, and ultimate destruction of the eye follows from the neglect of active and appropriate treatment, are unfortunately overlooked, or are set down, not to the true cause, mismanagement, but to the supposed severity of the original injury.

There is one source of injury to which the attention of parents and of the police ought to be directed. Bows and arrows never come into vogue among the children on the street, without cases of loss of sight from this cause.

There is a numerous class of inflammatory diseases of the eye, affecting chiefly its internal textures, and especially the coloured membrane called the *iris*, in the centre of which is the circular aperture, called the *pupil*, or vulgarly the *sight*. The causes of these internal inflammations of the eye are various, cold being one of the most frequent. Their effect, if they are neglected or mistreated, is closure of the pupil. The aperture by which light enters the eye, shuts, and vision is at an end. This consequence, indeed, may be warded off by treatment. But the treatment, under such circumstances, is by no means simple, or level to the capacity of one unacquainted with the structure of the eye, and the powers of remedies. It consists in the use of means, suited to produce three distinct effects; namely, to moderate the inflammation and fever by which the disease is attended; to clear the pupil of a peculiar substance called *lymph*, which flows into it from the diseased vessels, and blocks it up; and to oppose the closure of the pupil, and expand it to its natural size. The medical practitioner will readily acknowledge the care and the skill necessary in the use of the remedies calculated to insure these effects, and the man of plain common sense will also at once perceive that the complex means in question are not likely to fall within the knowledge of any uneducated mechanic.

Anatomy reveals to us, that there is situated within the eye, and almost immediately behind the pupil, a double-convex lens, similar in form to the glass of a pair of spectacles, only very thick in proportion to its small breadth, and in the healthy state perfectly transparent. Disease sometimes destroys the transparency of this part of the eye, and the consequence is, that the light entering the eye is stopped, confused, and scattered by the opaque lens, which it encounters in its passage towards the nerve of vision. This opacity of the lens constitutes what is termed *cataract*, a disease to which old age is particularly subject, although cases are occasionally met with of children being affected with it even from birth. Cataract is a disease curable only by surgical operations, calculated to remove the opaque lens, either slowly or at once, from the eye.

A failure in the sensibility of the nerve of vision to light, is a common cause of blindness. This was the blindness of Milton. It is styled *gutta serena*, or *amaurosis*; and to the former of these appellations the illustrious poet refers in his celebrated address to light—

But thou  
Revisit not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs."

The causes of amaurosis are very numerous. One of the most frequent is over-exertion of the organs of sight. Man is not naturally meant for that constant employment of the eyes upon the same unvaried set of minute objects, which is required in many of the occupations to which he at present devotes his attention. Besides excessive use of the eyes in prolonged reading, writing, and the like, especially by candle or gas light, the following are frequent causes of amaurosis; namely, blows or other injuries of the head; excess of any kind; the habitual use of poisonous substances, and especially of ardent spirits and tobacco; want of sleep; depressing affections of the mind; long-continued disorders of the stomach and bowels; close confinement to employments requiring almost constant stooping, as shoemaking and the like.

In poor people, beyond the age of forty-five, amaurosis may sometimes be attributed to the straining of the sight resulting from the want of spectacles, or the using of bad glasses, or of those of a focus not suitable for their eyes. Hence it has repeatedly been stated by those authors who have written on the preservation of sight, that there could not be a more useful appropriation of part of the funds of charitable institutions,



than that of providing proper spectacles for the poor. Amaurosis generally comes on slowly and insidiously. The early symptoms, such as a sensation of small blackish spots or shreds of cobwebs flitting before the patient, are often neglected. No advice is asked till the disease is considerably advanced in its progress, and has taken a seat from whence it is hardly possible, and often quite impossible, to drive it.

Such, then, is a short enumeration of the most frequent causes of loss of sight. That many poor people suffer this misfortune from their own carelessness and neglect, or from trusting their eyes to persons unacquainted with the principles and practice of the healing art, is a fact equally lamentable and notorious. That from some slight disorders, the eye, like other organs of the body, may occasionally recover, by means of its own inherent powers of restoration, is no reason why it should ever, even in apparently trifling diseases, be neglected; as it is impossible for the patient to know, whether what he feels in himself, or observes in another, be actually a trifling affection from which a natural recovery will take place, or the commencement of a serious disorder, which in a few days may destroy vision. On the other hand, that ignorant individuals may in some of the simpler affections or accidents to which the eye is liable, seem to themselves successful, or be able to persuade others equally ignorant as themselves of their success, can form no excuse for destroying at one time by their rude applications, and their total omission of fit means at other times, one of the most valuable gifts which the Creator has bestowed upon man.

#### THE GIPSY LAIRD, A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, when the country gentlemen of Scotland were characterised by less refined, and we may add less virtuous manners, than at present, there flourished in Roxburghshire a certain Laird Baillie, who was even then remarkable for his frolicsome, pugnacious, dreadnought sort of habits. Every fair within thirty miles was sure to be attended by this hearty fellow, who seldom saw one of these scenes of rustic business and festivity come to a conclusion, without either fighting a battle on his own account, or participating in one, perhaps, in which some boon companion was the principal. One evening, as he was riding home from St Boswell's fair, he overtook a large party of gipsies who had been attending that market with their horn and tin ware, and who were now slowly wending their way to a point of rendezvous where they were to meet with another party with whom they usually associated. Baillie was a friend and favourite of the gipsies, whose wild and vagrant character found a peculiar sympathy in his own bosom; and on the present occasion, as on many others, he had to thank them for having aided him in one of those fights in which he took so much pleasure. For an hour he reined in his horse, and, walking abreast with the chiefs of the party, chatted over all the deeds of the day, in his usual good-humoured manner, without observing that the night was advancing, while he was still ten Scotch miles from home. At length the gipsies turned off the road, in order to pitch their camp at the back of an adjacent plantation, where it seemed, from the gleam of a fire among the trees, that their companions were already assembled. Baillie, whom they expected to take leave of them here, and pursue his own way, proposed, after a moment's hesitation, to linger with them for a short space, and take a glass from their bottle; to which they very readily acceded. On arriving at the place to which the fire directed them, Baillie found half a score of the same tribe busily engaged in preparations for supper and for bed, a large kettle being swung above a fire upon the ground; while an awning, extended between two donkey-carts, was destined to serve for a general dormitory. In a quarter of an hour, the young laird found himself seated at a supper, which, for substantiality and delicacy, rivalled that of Cumaco. When it was done, liquors of various kinds were produced—flowing horns went round—the laird's spirits became unusually excited—he laughed, he joked, he sung—the gipsies themselves became nearly as elevated. Ere long, Baillie forgot every other consideration but the merry scene before him, and, under the gust of a sudden passion for the life of a gipsy, he declared he would join their corps, thinking, of course, that after going along with them for a few days, and seeing a little of their mode of life, he would resume his usual habits. The gipsies, taken off their guard, and unreflecting upon the consequences, agreed to the proposal, and in the course of a few minutes initiated their friend into such of their mysteries as were necessary for the support of the character he wished to assume.

With the morning, reflection came, but to the gipsies alone; they now bitterly regretted their folly in trusting a person whom they could not hope to retain in their band, or in their confidence, except upon compulsion. He, however, was still in the humour for the joke, and, being furnished with suitable attire, and tanned with the true Egyptian olive, was de-

lighted to survey in himself what he was pleased to call as roguish a looking loon as ever cheated the widdy. In compliance with his request, the party directed their course across the country to the mansion of one of his acquaintances, where they arrived about nightfall. Here the laird had an opportunity of gratifying his frolicsome humour, by displaying an assumed talent of fortune-telling, in which, from his knowledge of the history of his dupes, he succeeded so well as to excite no little astonishment amongst them. This was to him a rich treat; and for several days longer he enjoyed similar opportunities, in passing from house to house, of gratifying his humour. Upon the fourth, as the party were traversing a wild moor bordering on the laird's own property, they were overtaken by a hasty messenger of their tribe, from Kirk-Yetholm, who informed them of the great alarm excited by Mr Baillie's disappearance, and stated that warrants were out against several of the party, in consequence of their being seen in his company at St Boswell's fair. A council was forthwith held, at which the laird himself was present, and where with a mixed feeling of surprise and amusement he heard it gravely proposed and decided on to send him off to a distant part of the country, under the charge of three of the chief gipsies. To save them, as he imagined, from any farther trouble on his account, Mr Baillie intimated his intention of immediately returning home, and, handing to the chief or leader what stock of money he had about him to drink his health with, he promised them all good quarters whenever they found it convenient to rendezvous at his house, which he invited them to do frequently. A malicious tittering laugh passed amongst the gipsies at this announcement of Mr Baillie, and their leader, a tall swarthy savage, turning to him, with a grim smile merely observed, that he must leave the regulation of his future motions to his captain. Somewhat surprised, and not half relishing the tone and looks of the desperadoes, Baillie, who still conceived that their demeanour was merely assumed with the view of extorting money from him, desired to know at once what "smart-money" they insisted on having, and he would give them any thing in reason; but he was cut short by the captain, who sternly remarked, that when they wanted any of his money, they would ask for it; but in the meantime he must comply with the orders he received. Mr Baillie was thunderstruck, but his indignation soon overcame his surprise. He was not naturally the most temperate man in the world, and highly incensed at what he considered an insolent aggression on his personal freedom, he reiterated his determination to leave them, and intimated by a flourish of his cudgel that it would not be safe for any one to attempt to interrupt his purpose. But the gipsies had anticipated this explosion of wrath, and at a signal from the captain, four or five threw themselves upon him, and in spite of his great strength pinioned his arms to his body. Without attending to the furious denunciations of vengeance which Mr Baillie continued to pour forth, their captain proceeded to give orders for the dispersion of the band, directing the three previously selected to make the best of their way with their captive, by the most unfrequented paths, to the wilds of Galloway, with peremptory injunctions to put him to death should he attempt to escape.

It would be impossible to describe the young laird's feelings as he was led off by his lawless companions, or rather keepers. For a while he continued in a sort of stupor: the whole appeared a dream, a delusion, from which, by a succession of mental efforts, he endeavoured to rouse himself; but the close watch and threatening looks of his companions as often forced upon him the bewildering reality. They travelled all night, and rested about daybreak in an unfrequented part of the open moor, each of the gipsies by turns keeping watch; but, as may be imagined, the transformed laird felt little inclination to sleep, although scarcely knowing in what light to regard his singular situation. Sometimes he was disposed to laugh outright at the idea of a gentleman being kidnapped in an age and country in which the sacredness of the person was so strictly guarded by law; then his fiery temper would become impatient at even the temporary restraint on his personal liberty, and he started up with the determination of instantly asserting his independence and departing home; but the pressure of the bonds on his arms, as well as the click of the sentinel's pistol at his slightest motion, convinced him of his helpless condition, and he lay down again with a cold shudder, as the thought recurred to him—could it be true?—was he doomed to spend his future life in the company of such wretches?—an outcast from civilised society and all its enjoyments? But, no, no!—the idea was too horrible, too preposterous! If he could find no covert means of escape, he would discover himself to the first person they encountered, and the arm of justice would rescue him.

His companions, however, took care to give him no opportunity of carrying the latter purpose into execution. Remaining in hiding all day, and travelling only during the night, they reached an ordinary place of rendezvous for their horde, amongst the inaccessible fastnesses of Tintock, and there abode for about five weeks, until the hue and cry about their captive's disappearance had subsided; from thence they descended to another of their dens in the vale of Clyde, where they abode for several weeks more. During all this time their unfortunate captive was in a state of

mind bordering on frenzy. One of the gipsies always remained as guard over him, and each of these persons he successively tried to work upon, by entreaties, bribes, and threats; but all in vain. His mind at last sunk under his situation, and he abandoned all hope of freedom. From Lanarkshire, the party proceeded through the Pentland hills, and across the Forth, to the general rendezvous of the tribe in Fifeshire. Here the laird was compelled to take a part in the thievish practices of the band, parties of whom scoured the country every night; and he actually assisted in emptying several hen-roosts, and stripping a few washing-greens! His feelings under these circumstances were agonising. What, he thought, if he should be seized and convicted in some of his predatory acts? How could he prove that he did not continue, as he had begun, to associate voluntarily with the band of outlaws? And even supposing his character vindicated, in what a humiliating light would he be placed for the rest of his life! His anguish of mind, however, became at last so dreadful, that he began to hope of falling into the hands of justice as his only means of rescue from a long life of misery and crime. Owing to their numerous depredations, the band were soon obliged to separate, and Baillie's party returned to his native district, where a general meeting of the whole tribe belonging to the south of Scotland soon after took place, for the arrangement of their various routes, or, as it may be called, their plan of campaign for the winter. Here Baillie for the first time saw the patriarch or king of the tribe—a venerable-looking old man, whom all seemed to look up to with the profoundest respect. To him the unfortunate man took an opportunity of representing his situation, and his remonstrances met a more favourable hearing than he ventured to hope. The old man owned that he regretted when he heard of his (Baillie's) joining their fraternity; but since he had done so, he must conform to their established laws. "Beware," said he, in a low and earnest tone, "of discovering yourself, or attempting to escape; if you do so, you are a lost man! Your party is bound either to recover you or destroy you; and there is not a spot on earth where you will be safe. We have confederates in every land, and all will join in pursuing you to destruction. Farewell; be faithful, or it will be the worse for you." The old man then turned from him, and the whole party soon afterwards departed on their different routes.

It would occupy too much space to detail all the incidents and adventures in which Mr Baillie was engaged during the time he remained with his lawless confederates. Suffice it to say, that for nearly two years more he continued a member of the fraternity, partaking in all their criminal enterprises, and frequently obliged to assist in robbing his nearest and dearest friends.

But his feelings at last became insupportable; and as every remonstrance he made to the chief gipsies respecting his continued detention met with either total neglect or equivocation, he resolved, at whatever risk, to effect his escape. In this he at last succeeded, and the method he adopted is not the least curious part of his adventures. Each company carried with them a considerable wardrobe for the purpose of their assuming whatever disguise might be suitable for carrying their various roguish plans into effect, or in aiding their concealment; and from that belonging to his own party, Mr Baillie contrived, during the course of a long march, to abstract several articles of apparel as they went along; so that he had the means, should he find an opportunity of escaping, of transforming himself in a few hours from a blackguard tinker into a well-dressed sheep-farmer.

It was the custom of the party, when they lodged for the night in the open moor, to make two keep watch, one part of whose duty it was to make the round of their encampment alternately, at intervals, in order to ascertain that none of their asses strayed, that the children were resting properly; in short, to see that "all was well." Against the night when Baillie's turn for watching came, he had provided a large bottle of whisky; and when his companion and himself sat down together in the tent before the huge fire which was always kept blazing, he had little difficulty in engaging him in the discussion of the contents. As he had anticipated, however, the spirits alone would by no means have served as a sufficiently speedy opiate, and he had accordingly provided a considerable quantity of laudanum, which he managed to drop from time to time into his companion's cup while the latter was patrolling round the encampment. It may easily be imagined with what unspeakable agitation Baillie watched the consummation of a plan upon which depended his chance of escaping from the horrible thralldom in which he was detained. He could with difficulty command his feelings so far as to converse rationally with his companion; and they became more and more acute, as he observed, from the increasing heaviness of the latter, the approach of the moment when he was to make the perilous attempt. At last the gipsy lay down fairly overpowered by the whisky and laudanum he had swallowed, and the risk must now or never be run. Stripping himself of every thing but a topcoat and a hat, Baillie slipped out at the back of the tent, and took to flight with the speed of the reindeer. He knew every foot of his way; and although the night was pitch-dark, he proceeded at the top of his pace for a length of time that afterwards appeared to himself miraculous. As he proceeded, he picked up

the various articles of apparel he had secreted, but, as may be believed, did not pause to attire himself for the first two or three stages. When morning dawned, he was forty miles distant from the spot whence he had set out; but such was the excitement of his mind, that he was insensible to fatigue, and would have continued his flight, had not prudence dictated the necessity of concealing himself during the day, which he did in an old sheepfold. On the following evening he arrived at an obscure inn in Edinburgh, where he had once more the satisfaction of finding himself in civilised society, and under the protection—though this he could not long calculate upon—of human laws. He lost no time in writing to his brother, who joined him within forty-eight hours, and, after an affectionate recognition, proposed instantly to make surrender of his estate, so that he might resume the enjoyment of it. "Alas, brother," said the unfortunate laird, "I could not hope to live a week at home. The villains who have had me in custody would make my heart's blood flow upon my own hearthstone, though sure to be hanged for it the next hour. My only chance of safety is in flight—instant flight—to the Continent—the farther away the better; though I hardly hope to escape their fangs ultimately." His brother then, at his request, took a passage for him in a vessel at Leith, bound for Hamburg, on board of which he went that evening, after concerting means for occasionally obtaining information and money from that home which he hardly hoped ever again to call his own.

The vessel was driven by stress of weather into Rotterdam, where Mr Baillie left her, and proceeded up the Rhine. No step, he afterwards learned, could have been more fortunate, for the gipsies, having ascertained the way in which he left Scotland, had several of their number stationed at Hamburg before the vessel arrived there, by whom he must have been assassinated shortly after he touched the land. His unexpected landing at Rotterdam put them off the scent for a while, and it was not till about a twelvemonth after, when he was living in an obscure lodging in Florence, that he found himself once more under the observation of his enemies. Instantly flying to Leghorn, he threw himself into a vessel just leaving that port for Marseilles, and in three weeks had buried himself in the recesses of the Pyrenees. Here he lived without molestation for six months, when, warned by advices from home, he found it necessary to make another remove. By the most retired and Alpine paths, he once more sought the head of Italy, where for another year he skulked about under various disguises, generally shunning the considerable towns. He afterwards spent a year in the suburbs of Vienna, never stirring abroad except by night. His next place of fixed residence was St Petersburg, where, after about five years of absence from Scotland, he was informed by his brother, that, by intelligence obtained from the gipsy chief, who seemed to take a sympathising interest in his distresses, it appeared that the chase was now much slackened. A considerable number of his pursuers had fallen victims to the laws in various parts of the Continent, and others had returned to Scotland in despair, where, being excommunicated by the rest of their tribe, they had become notorious criminals, and were rapidly thinned in number by the Court of Justiciary. A few still remained to be accounted for; but there was every likelihood that these had also been cut off in consequence of their evil courses. Mr Baillie, however anxious to go home upon this assurance, was still unable to convince himself that his life was safe. At length he received the joyful information that the last of his enemies supposed to be in Scotland had just been sentenced by the circuit court at Jedburgh to transportation for life. In compliance with the pressing request which accompanied this letter, he set sail for Scotland, flattering himself that now at last all his anxieties were set for ever to sleep, and that he would be allowed to spend the remainder of his life in that tranquillity which he felt to be necessary for a frame shattered as his had been by so many hardships. He arrived in safety, resumed possession of his estate, and for some weeks attended to nothing but the heart-warm congratulations of his neighbours and kindred. Scarcely three months, however, had passed away, when he received a visit from his old friend the chief, who communicated the startling intelligence that one of his continental pursuers—the last survivor of them—had returned to Scotland, and expressed his resolution to watch an opportunity, and either slay the deserter or be slain in the attempt.

From this time, Mr Baillie never moved abroad except upon important occasions, and that always in company of two servants. After nightfall he never left his fireside. He had every door and window in his house secured in the most approved manner, and the servants had strict orders upon no occasion to open the door in the evening, without first putting on the reserve-chain. After two years spent in this timorous fashion, hearing nothing of his enemy, he became a little more confident, and resolved to indulge in a visit to a few old friends who resided in Edinburgh. In the society of these individuals he gradually regained still more of his usual ease of demeanour; and having oftener than once gone out to dinner, and returned in safety, he at length ceased to reflect on a danger which seemed so inconsistent with every circumstance of the gay and pleasant scene around him. One evening, he ventured so far as to attend a ball in the Assembly Room, where the en-

joyment which he felt in once more mingling with the beautiful, the young, and the refined, banished entirely for the time all recollection of the last twelve years, and of the doom which he lately knew to be hanging over him. He danced almost without intermission, and had even made some progress, as he flattered himself, in the affections of one of the handsomest young ladies in the room. While the festivity was at its height, and the heart of Mr Baillie in a state approaching to ecstasy, his servant brought him a message that a gentleman wished to speak to him in the vestibule. Supposing it to be a friend, who, before going home, might be anxious to make some appointment with him, he walked into the small lobby, which in those days divided the only fashionable dancing-room in Edinburgh from a dismal alley. There accordingly stood one of his friends, who, as he conjectured, desired, before leaving the house, to invite him to dinner for next day. With the utmost good humour, he agreed to the proposed meeting, and, walking through the lane of *cadies* and chairmen who lined the lobby and part of the alley, took leave of his friend at the door. As he turned to regain the dancing-room, he was suddenly met and almost overthrown by a man in the dress of a menial, who, in ruffling past him, planted a short knife in his side. Feeling himself wounded, he made an effort to seize the villain, but reeled, and fell in the arms of the bystanders. Notwithstanding the suddenness of the incident, and the confusion which arose in consequence of his fall, some of these individuals had sufficient presence of mind to grasp the flying assassin, whom, notwithstanding a desperate resistance, they succeeded in securing. Baillie was immediately removed into the supper-room, where he was soon surrounded by the dancing company, full of curiosity, anxiety, and horror, as well as by several surgeons, who lost no time in dressing his wound. While this process was going on, the man was brought before him, that he might say whether he was sure that this was the actual inflictor of the blow. "Yes, yes; it is he!" cried the unfortunate gentleman, and swooned away through agitation occasioned by the sight. It was the gipsy who had sworn to seek his life—the last survivor of the band which Baillie, so unfortunately for both them and himself, had joined twelve years before.

Fortunately the wound was not mortal. Baillie recovered in the course of a few months, before the expiration of which the gipsy was far on his way to Maryland, under the sentence of the supreme criminal court. But though thus freed from all further alarm as to his life, the subject of this tale could not reflect but with the bitterest sensations on the misery which his folly had been the means of bringing both upon himself and upon a set of fellow-creatures, who, however blameable for their lawless passions, would not, but for him, have developed them to nearly so great an extent, or come to such disasters in consequence. A settled melancholy, therefore, hung for many subsequent years over the mind of Baillie; and he found on the approach of age, that, through the culpable rashness of a moment, he had completely forfeited the enjoyment of the better part of his life.

#### A FEW DAYS IN FRANCE.

##### VERSAILLES.

THE structures composing the palace of Versailles occupy, as I have said, the summit of a low eminence declining on all sides towards a beautiful and richly wooded country. In front it possesses three different approaches, each being a spacious public thoroughfare, paved in the centre, and lined with large and tall forest-trees, as far as the eye can reach. These stately avenues, of which one is that which leads direct to Paris, meet at a point in the area before the gates of the palace, and were intended by Louis XIV. to represent roads proceeding to the various quarters of the globe, after the manner of the paved ways which of old led from the Forum at Rome to the different divisions of the empire.

The middle building in the group, which consists of a centre and two wings, is the most ancient, and is built of red brick, ornamented with a white marble balcony, numerous white marble figures, pillars, and gilt balustrades, and is upon the whole mean in appearance. The most elegant structure is that which diverges to the south, being of excellent Grecian architecture, embellished with pilasters, and several stories in height. At present, this part of the palace is undergoing thorough renovation in the interior. On the north side of the middle brick building there are similar erections in the Grecian taste. But it is only behind that the whole is seen to advantage. In proceeding to the rear by a covered arcade, on the north side, you have occasion to pass the chapel, a tall building also of Grecian architecture, but not remarkable for embellishment on the outside. An attendant in light blue livery being always at hand to pay attention to the wishes of strangers, you are speedily ushered into the interior of the royal chapel. This place of worship appears to be almost entirely

composed of red and white marble in the inside; the pavement, pillars, and arches, exhibit a uniform coldness of aspect, which is not relieved either by an excessive profusion of gilding and painting on the vaulted roof, or by the half dozen short forms covered with crimson velvet, and which compose the only furniture in the place. The paintings in the chapel are considered to be among the best of the French masters; but it would be tiresome to give their names, and perhaps presumptuous, on my part, to pass an opinion upon their merits. I had only time to remark, that in the recesses, or aisles beneath the galleries, there was on each side a row of altars, each formed of marble, and ornamented with paintings and gilding. The high altar at the eastern extremity is likewise composed of marble, and simple in figure and decorations. The organ, which is above the entrance, is considered, in respect of execution and ornaments, one of the finest in France. While examining this sumptuous place of public worship, I had forced on my notice, what I had previously and painfully remarked in France, the occasional forwardness of English visitors. It is considered exceedingly indecorous for laymen of any class to go within the verge of the altar in Roman Catholic places of public worship; but this ecclesiastical arrangement, which delicacy alone might suggest, did not seem to be known or cared for, on the occasion I am speaking of, by two or three young Englishmen, who on their admission to the chapel—the day being warm—at once made for the high altar, on which they coolly took their seat, wiping the perspiration from their foreheads, and commencing an easy and loud talk on the merits of the architecture and the pictures around them. This conduct was apparently not very pleasing to the attendant, but politeness prevented him from interfering. It is certainly a pity that such behaviour should be the means of lowering the character of the English among foreigners, who, naturally enough, do not readily discriminate between individual and national rudeness.

After leaving the chapel, the visitor is led by an arcade to the north wing of the palace, in which is situated the theatre, or Salle de l'Opera, which is reached by a flight of broad steps. This theatre was begun by Louis XV. in 1733, after the plans of Gabriel, and finished in 1770, for the marriage of Louis XVI. then the dauphin. It is one of the largest theatres in Europe, being capable of containing three thousand persons. On entering the body of this large opera-house, the stranger is struck with the extent of the interior, the height of the roof, and the faded grandeur of the furniture. It is of an oval form, one hundred and forty-four feet in length by sixty in breadth, and is altogether environed with tiers of boxes and balconies from the floor to the dome. The floor slopes from the two ends towards the centre; and one of the slopes formed the stage during the theatrical performances, when one-half of the oval was secluded by a curtain and scenery. It was only during grand concerts and other assemblies that the whole circuit of the house was exposed. Every where around, you see the most costly gildings and ornaments covered with dust and going fast to total ruin; many of the decorations are already battered and destroyed; the looking-glasses and lustres which once embellished it are entirely gone, for they, along with the tapestry with which the boxes were formerly hung, fell a prey to revolutionary violence; and instead of the ten thousand wax tapers which lighted it up at the dauphin's marriage, it is now gloomy and dismal, and the only light is that which finds its way from one or two dingy windows behind the broken partitions. What a subject for the pen of the poet does this woeful spectacle of profligate grandeur present! What a contrast betwixt its splendours when the scene of revelry of Louis XV. Madame Pampadour, and the court of France, and its present silent and ruined condition!

The interior of the palace consists of suites of large apartments called *salons*, or *salles*, besides suites of rooms appropriated as the lodgings of inferior branches of the royal family. The visitor is first shown the Salon d'Hercule, so called from its magnificent ceiling, representing the apotheosis of Hercules, by Lemoine. It is one of the largest compositions in existence, its dimensions being sixty-four feet by fifty-four. There are also other large pictures in this magnificent room, which is covered with marble, and decorated with twenty Corinthian pilasters, with bases and capitals of bronze gilt, which support a rich gilt cornice ornamented with trophies. Next, is the Salle d'Abondance; next, the Salle de Venus; then follow the Salle de Diane, the Salle de Mars, the Salle de Mercure, the Salle d'Apollon—all which are less or more embellished with splendid paintings, marble, and gilding. The grandest in the range is that termed the Galerie de Lebrun, which is reckoned the finest of its kind in the world. With the Salle de la Guerre, and the Salle de la Paix at the opposite extremity, it occupies the whole of the principal facade of the palace, and is two hundred and seventeen feet in length, thirty-one in breadth, and forty in height. It is lighted by seventeen large arched windows, which correspond with the number of arcades opposite, that are filled up with mirrors. The entire gallery, except the parts that are windows or mirrors, is of marble, painting, or sculpture gilt. The king's and queen's apartments are also shown to the visitor, likewise various public rooms, among which is an apartment called the *Ceil de Bœuf*, or Bull's Eye, from the shape of its



windows, and possesses an interest from having been the room in which resistance was offered by the body guards to the populace of Paris on the memorable 5th and 6th of October 1789.

The palace of Versailles presents the best exterior effect on the side next the gardens, which are behind the various structures. On going round, however, to these gardens, the visitor has his attention attracted from the palace, and directed to the extensive series of gardens, pleasure-grounds, fountains, white marble statues, vases, and parterres, which burst upon his sight. From a flat expanse behind the palace, the ground slopes gently down towards the north, west, and south, but the gardens and pleasure-grounds lie principally in a westerly direction. On the north are a series of highly artificial flower parterres laid out in broad terraces; on the south there is a deep walled enclosure, forming a sunk garden called the Orangery, which, during fine weather, is covered with rows of orange trees, growing out of square green painted boxes, removable under cover when the cold of winter sets in. This is a delightful sunny spot, reached by long flights of steps, and is not without historical interest. Some of the orange trees are very old, and one in particular is deserving of notice. It was contemporary with Francis I., who was born in 1494, and died in 1547, and formed part of the confiscated property of the constable of Bourbon, from whence it was called *Le Grand Bourbon*. At that period it was a century old, and after living under twelve reigns, and surviving the shocks of nearly five hundred years, it still flourishes, and puts forth its beautiful light-tinted leaves to the sun, and may yet survive through many revolving seasons.

Leaving the upper part of the gardens, the visitor proceeds to view the descending terraces and alleys on the west. Here fountains, and groves, and walks, and parterres, follow in succession, the whole thickly studded with marble statues, and the fountains or small ponds being lavishly ornamented with figures of heathen gods, tritons, dolphins, and sea monsters, formed of lead, and spouting streams of water into the basins beneath. Passing the Bassin du Dragon, and the Bassin du Neptune, we approach the Allée du Tapis Vert, or the Alley of the Green Carpet. This beautiful walk derives its name from a fine grass plot which extends the whole length from the Parterre de Latone to the Bassin d'Apollon. It is ornamented with twelve statues and twelve beautiful vases in white marble. The Bassin d'Apollon is the largest fountain in the park, except that of Neptune. The God of Day is seen issuing from the waters in a chariot drawn by four horses, and surrounded by dolphins and tritons. The fountains called the Basins of Winter and Autumn are also worthy of notice. The stranger will be pleased with an enclosed grove, called the Bosquet de la Reine, as well as with another secluded grove, called the Bosquet de la Salle de Bal, which is dedicated to the purposes of a ball-room, or fêtes upon the green grass. In the course of our rambles we procured admission into an exceedingly secluded grove, perhaps the most remarkable in the series. It is called the Bosquet des Bains d'Apollon, or the grove of the baths of Apollo. After winding through a thick mass of tall shrubbery, you are introduced to a flat green space, or paddock, at the opposite extremity of which is a pond of water, overhung by a rocky precipitous mount, garnished with depending shrubs, and the whole environed by Scottish fir and other trees, to resemble nature as closely as possible. Yet every thing is artificial; and to build the rock with the semblance of natural strata, must have been one of the most expensive freaks connected with the establishment. In the face of the precipice there is a wide opening half way up, which is called a grotto or vestibule to the palace of Thetis. In this grotto is placed a group of figures in white marble, representing Apollo surrounded by nymphs. Two of them are preparing to wash his feet, a third is pouring water for him from a basin, and three others stand behind him, one of whom is dressing his hair, and the two others holding vessels with p-fumes. Apollo and the first three nymphs are among the best works of Girardon; the three others are by Regnaudin. On the right and left of this group are two other groups, the whole composing the best specimens of sculpture in the gardens. From different points, on fête days, fountains of water issue and fall into the small lake below.

Being at length tired of viewing such an apparently endless series of groves and fountains, we descended through various alleys, and crossed several enclosed parks, towards what is called the Grand-Trianon. Trianon is a word signifying a pavilion. There are two buildings of this nature, a great and a small, situated in a remote part of the grounds, about half a mile apart from each other, and fully two miles distant from the palace. In England they would be called country seats. The Grand-Trianon is the principal, and consists of two longish buildings one story in height, joined together by a gallery or peristyle, forming the chief front. Originally this gallery was open like an arcade, but it was closed with windows by Napoleon, and forms a spacious apartment or vestibule, with one side facing the gardens behind. The whole edifice is in a light Italian style of architecture, and ornamented with marble columns and pilasters. This royal mansion was built by Louis XIV. for Madame de Maintenon, and has since that period been a favourite resort of royalty. Bonaparte and Josephine, in particular, delighted to reside here, aloof from the

gorgeous parade of the palaces of St Cloud and Versailles. There cannot be a more charming summer residence than the Grand-Trianon; it is so light and airy, and placed so much in the midst of rural scenery. In the left wing are the apartments of the queen; in the right, those of the king; and the visitor is conducted through the whole, one room always opening into another from end to end. At present, the house is kept in good repair, and many excellent pictures are shown. The private apartments once used by Napoleon are plain in their furniture. The garden attached to this royal retreat is much admired, as well for its natural beauties as for the works of art with which it is ornamented. It is in a similar style with the gardens of the palace, and abounds in groves, *salles de verdure*, statues, and fountains.

The Petit or Little Trianon is situated in a northerly direction from the foregoing, and is approached by a fine avenue of trees through the park. It was erected by Louis XV., and consists of a ground floor and two upper stories. The ground floor is partly paved with stone, and has a damp miserable appearance. The first story, which is reached by a wide stair, exhibits a series of rooms no way conspicuous for elegance or comfort. One or two bedrooms, which are decorated with satin hangings and bed furniture, are shown as those occupied by Maria Louisa at the period of the abdication of her husband. To compensate for the dreary aspect of the chateau, there are some remarkably fine gardens attached; one called the English garden presents a most delightful landscape of natural objects, and ought to be visited by all strangers. It contains an elegant rotunda, called Temple d'Amour, and an octagonal pavilion, named the Salle de Musique de la Reine; but attention is chiefly directed to the beauty of the trees, the seemingly natural rivulets of water, and the pleasing retired spots of green verdure, for which the place has acquired so much notoriety.

Such are the parks, gardens, and dependencies of this sumptuous royal residence of Versailles, which were principally laid out by the celebrated French landscape gardener Le Nôtre, to whose abilities they do the highest honour. The ordinary descriptions given of Versailles convey no adequate idea of the extent of the pleasure-grounds, which cannot be less than twenty miles in circumference, and require days to examine with minuteness.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF ASTLEY'S.

WHENEVER I find myself in need of a little excitement and relaxation from grave pursuits, I never fail in my object when I proceed to "Astley's Royal Amphitheatre." The first time I visited the house was many years ago, during the lifetime of old Philip Astley, when that great reviver of horsemanship in England appeared as a leading character in the circle. I shall ever remember this man. He was one of your right good-hearted Englishmen—a capital specimen of John Bull; and although he could not speak half a dozen words together grammatically, yet he was not a bad fellow for all that, and possessed a large stock of natural politeness, with a flow of good feelings suitable to his professional character. Philip was no doubt a mountebank, but then he did the thing scientifically. It was mountebankery applied in a very remarkable way. The power he possessed of teaching horses to perform tricks, as well as act in dramatic performances, was quite amazing. He developed the character of the horse to a greater extent than had ever been done by all the scientific men in the world. How he educated his horses I am unable to describe; yet it is well known, for he often mentioned the circumstance, that kindness was the sole element of equestrian education. He treated these docile and beautiful animals like children, and by rewarding them with a mouthful of carrot, a piece of sweet apple, or a crust of bread, he had the address to impress upon them the knowledge of having done well, and what would again be required of them.

Besides his powers of training horses, he had a clever knack of cultivating a good Mr Merriman; but judging from his public exhibitions, the whip was here the grand instrument of instruction. How well do I recall to remembrance old Philip's exhibitions with his clown, who, poor fellow, had a sad time of it! In his best coat, silk stockings, hair powdered, with a long queue, and whip with a longer lash, he would enter the circle, pace formally to the centre, make his obeisance to the audience, and call for Mr Merriman, who, approaching rather too familiarly, received a smart lash from his master's whip, at which he would howl with expanded jaws, and remonstrate with those who laughed in the gallery, by asking how they would like it, and offer to bet a guinea that not one of them would like to be thought a fool. Then cringing in the most abject manner before the dignity of his master, he would take opportunities to get behind him, assume threatening attitudes, and ridicule

him; but on the turn of his master's head he suddenly adopted a manner so opposite as to create laughter, while the detection caused Mr Merriman to bellow most piteously. Silence being restored, Mr Astley would assure the fool it was all for his good, and he became reconciled. Approaching with boldness, he would inquire of his master's cleverosity, "How far it was from Westminster Bridge to the first of August?" To which Mr Astley would reply, "Mr Merriman, none of your nonsense. I haven't no objection to instruct you concerning that there noble animal, the hoss. Do you know what a hoss is? Ah! I thought you didn't; well, then, I will tell you. He is a animal most useful to man. He is beautiful in a race, and he can win it! He can manoeuvre in a review, and he can be grand! He can charge in a battle, and he can be hawful!" The fool stares and exclaims, "Lawk-a-daisy!" "Yes, Mr Merriman, he is the most generous of animals—possesses the courage of a lion, the fleetness of a deer, the strength of a box, and the docility of a spaniel. What do you think of all that there?" "Lawk-a-daisy!" "Yes, Mr Merriman, and he is the friend of man, under kind treatment. I will show you what a hoss is. Bring in that there war-hoss and my sabre; I will show you how he and I can defend ourselves." The horse and sabre were brought, Mr Astley mounted and exhibited the various divisions of the sword exercise (for Philip had been a dragoon in his young days), interspersed with puffs and pauses, for success had rendered him a specimen of good living, during which intervals Mr Merriman played all sorts of antics.

Then succeeded a song from the stage; after which some good rope-dancing was exhibited. The rope-dancing apparatus being removed, Mr Astley again entered the circle, with his follower Mr Merriman at his heels, and a horse led in by a groom. Mr Astley began—"Now, Mr Merriman, I will show you what will produce astonishment; I 'av'n't told you 'alf what a hoss can do. People run away with a hidea that a hoss must be exposed to great barbarity for to make him hoberdient. No such a thing, Mr Merriman; you might as well think to make yourself a nobleman by eating covecumbers and hionions. Do you see that there hoss?—now hoberve him, Mr Merriman. Make your respects to the ladies"—the horse knelt. "Now, to the gentlemen"—the horse bowed his head. "Now, stand up for the king"—the horse reared, and walked on his hind-legs. "Now, rest yourself"—the horse sat down like a dog on his haunches. A stove was then brought in with a blazing fire and a kettle of boiling water on it, and placed in the centre of the circle. Mr Astley recommenced—"Now, Mr Merriman, it has been believed that a hoss will not go near a fire. No such a thing, Mr Merriman; you might as well believe you wasn't a fool. Give me a goblet with a little drop of brandy in it—werry vell. Now, my good hoss, if you have rested enough, fetch me the 'ot water to make my grog." The horse accordingly rose, took the kettle by his mouth from amid the flames, and filled up the goblet in Mr Astley's hands. "Werry vell. What do you think of that, Mr Merriman; if you could do it as vell, I will heat my 'at. Now, do you think that there can be produced by hill treatment? No such a thing, Mr Merriman; you might as well try to make apple-dumplings with sawdust. But that there hoss can do more, as you shall see, Mr Merriman. Tell the fiddlers to play something where the time is vell marked." The fool inquired if the musicians could play Bob and Joan?—Yes. Sir Roger de Coverley?—Yes. Foote's minnet?—Yes. "Then play them all together." Mr Astley having overheard the order, cries, "Nonsense, nonsense, Mr Merriman; one tune only, that the hoss may 'ear it distinctly—and place the platform that we may 'ear 'ow he keeps time." The orchestra struck up a country dance, the horse sprang on the temporary platform, and, by his tramping, marked the time with precision; at which the fool laughed immoderately loud, holding his sides. On being asked why he is thus noisy, he said that it was not dancing, but trotting on a trencher; that he did not believe the horse could gallop upon it, and therefore was a stupid horse. The musicians changed the time. The horse immediately quitted the platform, proceeded to Mr Astley, and thence to the orchestra. "There, Mr Merriman; you see the hoss complains that the fiddlers have not kept time." The fool acknowledged his mistake, and felt confident that the horse must have been kept at close practice on a harpsichord; then wondered if he could say the multiplication-table all through; but supposed, that, like

many others, he was taught to dance before he was taught to read. Still he was a very clever horse, and when he came to examine him closely, found him a very nice smooth one, indeed superlative, being both sides alike, and much more of similar ribaldry.

Such was the ordinary run of the kind of exhibitions at Astley's, at which, however, a superior sort of performance was nightly added, called a burlesca, a play or pantomime in which one or more horses performed. One of the best burlettas in these days was the story of the high-mettled racer, which was represented with surprising fidelity. The appropriate verses of the old ballad were recited at each change of scene, accompanied by the jingling of a harpsichord, no dialogue at that time being permitted at the minor theatres. The docility of the horse in this series of his declining fortunes excited the admiration of all who witnessed it; he seemed to be impressed with a knowledge of the character and the circumstances of the story. He appeared in the first scene as a racer, in all the life and vigour common to that high-bred animal, impatient of the rein, and champing on the bit till he started. In the next scene he appeared as a hunter, expressing his eagerness by pawing the ground, erecting his ears, and snorting, till he was off to the full cry of the hounds. Next, he appeared in harness as a post-horse, aged and fatigued, standing with knees bent and lowered head; and when mounted, he went off with all the truth of such a reduced state. He then appeared drawing a sand-cart, in a situation of positive decrepitude, with his head down, his lips dropped, enduring the seeming harsh treatment of an unfeeling master, till he finally dropped and died. You saw him stretched out with sharp angular projecting bones, parts of his hide galled, and his bare ribs boldly portrayed on his miserable sides. He lies thus, a most affecting spectacle to the pitying audience, and is about to be consigned to one of those men who purchase dying and dead horses for the sake of their skins. But, by a *coup de theatre*, the once high-mettled racer is happily saved from this conclusion to his career. A magician enters, and, after some amusing jugglery, raises the animal to life and vigour. His skin instantaneously assumes its original gloss, his raws disappear, his bones cease to be visible, and he gallops off the stage amidst the plaudits of a thousand hands.

One of Mr Astley's most pleasing exhibitions consisted for many years in that which attended his giving a prize of a wherry to the winner in a boat-race upon the Thames. This great fête took place on the 12th of August, and the race was frequently admirably contested. But this public racing was merely an introduction to the show. No sooner was the victory over, than the doors of the amphitheatre, which is situated at an inconsiderable distance from the river, were opened, and in a few minutes a glorious house—an overflowing bumper—was accomplished; for the idea jumped with the humours of the populace, and was made to pay capitally. The house being constituted, a procession forthwith entered, composed of persons belonging to the concern bearing flags, numerous jolly young watermen in jackets and trousers, and the victor seated in the prize-boat, borne on the shoulders of his comrades. Having paraded the circle, they then formed a group of a nautical character on the stage, with the union-jack waving overhead to the national airs of God Save the King and Rule Britannia, in full chorus. This preliminary being over, Mr Astley advanced with rotund appearance and a smile on his elated countenance, amid deafening cheers. Now came the rich treat of a harangue from old Phil. "Ladies and Gentlemen—This here is the yearly anniversary of presenting my prize-wherry to the most successful waterman in a boat-race, and there he is, ladies and gentlemen, seated in that there boat. (Applause.) I know he is thanking you all, ladies and gentlemen, and he has already thanked me enough; and I wish him 'ealth and prosperity in his calling. He is a clever fellow, and, ladies and gentlemen, I am proud to say he is a good man. His name is Charles Baynard, ladies and gentlemen; and, more, ladies and gentlemen, he is a 'fectionate 'usband, and a foud father, ladies and gentlemen. Besides all this, ladies and gentlemen, he is a virtuous son, and is kind to his old mother, ladies and gentlemen. But it is quite impossible for me to tell all his good qualities, ladies and gentlemen; you see 'ow he is all of a perspiration, and requires care to be taken of him; but I give you my word, ladies and gentlemen, that I shall see him put to bed, and shan't leave him till he has got a glass of 'ot brandy and vater, ladies and gentlemen." And so, with a hearty hurrah from the whole corps dramatique, old Phil. marched off beside his protégé, amid the waving of hats and the thundering sounds of Rule Britannia.

These, these were the days, Mr Rigmorale—alas, we ne'er shall look upon their like again! Yet it is wrong to be so querulous. Although worthy old Philip is now dead and gone, he has found a superlative successor in Ducrow, who now carries on the business of the Royal Amphitheatre. Who has not heard of the astonishing feats of this the greatest of all horsemen who ever existed or will exist? Who has not seen him riding on four horses at once in his famous piece, the Courier of St Petersburg? But Ducrow's horses are shown to the greatest advantage in burlettas—pieces in which they act a character. Their tractability in this respect goes beyond any thing that could be supposed. There is one beautiful white horse, in particular, which wins all hearts. Perhaps he is the

favourite of the stud. He enters the circle in front of the stage alone, with zephyr-like wings attached to his shoulders, giving to him the character of Pegasus: he bounds or rather flies round the circle several times, as if in ecstatic consciousness of superiority; his mane and tail erect, his fine eyes glistening, and his open nostrils displaying a brilliant red; so sleek, so elegant is this animal, that he is sufficient to occupy the attention of the spectators for a time. Mr Ducrow enters during the excitement, with peculiar beauty of effect, as Apollo, habited in white, bearing a small harp, delightfully classical. The sounds from the harp attract the attention of Pegasus; he is, as it were, charmed, and becomes the gentle observer of the wishes of Apollo. After a few caresses, Apollo mounts, and, standing on the bare back of this spirited animal, commences a series of graceful attitudes, while the harp is occasionally touched in unison with the elegance of the performance. After twenty circuits or more, terminating with surprising fleetness of the horse and dexterity of the rider, Apollo springs on the ground; Pegasus rests himself in the centre of the circle, where a tranquil display of reclining attitudes and of beautiful grouping takes place. Apollo and Pegasus being white, and seen under a powerful brilliancy, they appear in extraordinary lustre, altogether presenting a classical illustration of Apollo and Pegasus resting on Parnassus. This exhibition offers to the eye of taste a series of beautiful compositions, fraught with associations of a character richly poetical, and highly gratifying.

Another exhibition of a different nature has been witnessed with great agitation and breathless anxiety. A few palm-trees, made by the carpenter and the painter, are disposed in the circle: a zebra or two pass across to assist in exciting an idea of Indian wildness. Mr Ducrow enters as an Indian with bow, arrows, and club; a leopard skin is thrown across his shoulders. He looks about as if in search of sport, displaying great cheerfulness and agility. His manner of handling the club is excellent, during which a wild horse rushes towards him. Here it must be remarked, that although it is the same that enacted Pegasus, there is not in this performance a trace of that elegant and obsequious creature. He is now in unison with the scene—a horse wild and ferocious. His exertions to seize the Indian with his teeth are frightful. With his ears down, and his head outstretched, pursuing the Indian amid the trees, he is terrific, and snorts and kicks at being foiled. At length the Indian ventures into open ground, and a fierce encounter ensues. The horse lashes his tail, elevates his mane, rears, and endeavours to strike down the man, who dexterously avoids every attack, every now and then dealing such as seem tremendous blows on the animal. He rages, shows his teeth, turns, and kicks frightfully. He returns to the charge with fury; again he is met by the Indian with dauntless vigour, and the combat rages, till, from a powerful blow on the head, the horse reels and falls, the Indian leaps on the body, and dispatches his adversary amid the shouts of the audience.

In my opinion, Ducrow's favourite horse is seen to best advantage in the celebrated "Spanish Bull Fight." I think I should describe this piece merely to present a climax to the wonderful performances of the horse in his efforts to amuse the public. This burlesca is more intricate in plot than the preceding. The scene lies in Spain, and the persons engaged are princes, princesses, dons, and hidalgos, for whose gratification a bull-fight is to be displayed; all is therefore on a scale of peculiar grandeur. The grandees assemble in splendid cavalcade, with numerous attendants. After ascending a flight of steps from the circle to the stage, the royal persons there take their seats, when the ceremony commences with a procession of picadores and banderilleros, or foot combatants, bearing red flags and small barbed darts, ornamented with coloured ribbons. Then follow many combatants on horse-back bearing lances, all of whom arrange themselves, and a signal is given by sound of trumpets ordered by the alguazils or officers. The doors are opened, and the bull stalks forth. The effect is electric. The audience appear alarmed at the terrific appearance of the beast, particularly those who have no previous knowledge of Ducrow's horses, or that this is the gentle and beautiful white horse with a bull's skin over his padded neck and body, his head supplied with horns, and his hoofs painted as if cloven, in every respect appearing like a tremendous bull, wild and fierce.

On entering the circle, he stares wildly around, and then rushes on the principal cavalier, personated by Mr Ducrow, who receives the attack, and by exercising his spear dexterously, goads the bull into madness, the consequence of which is, that the bull attacks another horse by goring him in the body; but he is saved from destruction by the foot combatants, who flutter their red flags in the bull's face, and draw the attack on themselves, from which they escape with difficulty. Another horseman ventures to confront the furious animal, but is upset, and the horse falls, having apparently received a death-wound. The combat is then renewed by the chief cavalier, and continued some time, with various effects of skill and fury. Nothing is deficient in this scene but the bleeding wounds. A glance at the countenances of the spectators is not the least amusing; their mouths are open, their eyeballs fixed, and they shudder with horror. A cheering word, indeed, becomes necessary to recall them to consciousness. After a time, the

horsemen retire, and the bull is farther irritated by the combatants on foot; they pierce his shoulders, and fix their barbed bandaliers, while the fury of the animal is expended on their red flags. More than half an hour is he tortured into desperation; he tosses his head, runs madly about, till, weary and panting, he sinks to the earth under his manifold wounds. A sledge now enters, drawn by decorated horses, and the dead bull is borne off to the sound of trumpets. The court and cavalcade retire, and the spectacle concludes.

After witnessing this performance, no one can withhold his surprise at the perfect knowledge of the business of the scene which this horse evinces. There is no deviation from character; he is throughout a bull; his trot, the management of his horns, and the fierce rush with his head, all display something more than could be expected even from the most sagacious horse of Mr Ducrow's stud.

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MRS HUTCHINSON.

Mrs LUCY HUTCHINSON was the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower of London during the reign of Charles I. In a memoir of her husband, written by her, and which is one of the most pleasing pieces of biography in the English language, she praises highly the integrity, benevolence, and mutual affection of her parents. Her father had a very decided dislike for those gay young gentlemen who merely know how to court the ladies and study the fashion of their dress; he considered usefulness and learning as the true tests of respectability. From these intelligent, judicious, and thoroughly well-bred parents, Lucy Apsley probably derived the sedate and somewhat matronly character by which she was early distinguished. At four years old, she read perfectly well; and her memory was so great, that she could repeat almost exactly the sermons she heard. At seven years of age, she had eight tutors, in languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework; but study was the only thing she really loved; and she pursued it with a degree of engerness that threatened to be prejudicial to her health. In Latin, she outstripped her brothers, although they were very clever, and exceedingly industrious. For female employments and elegant accomplishments, she had less taste than her mother wished; and she held the usual sports of children in great contempt. She says, "When I was obliged to entertain such children as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept them in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with older company."

Colonel John Hutchinson, whom this young lady afterwards married, was the son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, and Lady Margaret, daughter of Sir John Byron of Newstead, one of the ancestors of Lord Byron, the poet. He is represented as a gentleman of graceful person, highly cultivated mind, and very prepossessing manners; and as he was the eldest surviving son of his father, he was a match alike desirable to mothers and daughters. He passed through the usual routine of education prescribed for gentlemen of that period, and was distinguished for his literary attainments, his skill in active and graceful exercises, and his very correct taste in music. Soon after he left the university, he determined to travel in France; and as some delay occurred in forming the necessary arrangements, he was advised to make a short visit to Richmond, where the prince at that time held his court. Crowds of gay company were of course attracted to the place, and a young gentleman of Mr Hutchinson's pretensions received abundant attentions from the wealthy, the witty, and the beautiful.

One day, when there was a great deal of company at the house, some one sung a song, which was much admired. A gentleman present observed that it was written by a lady in the neighbourhood. Mr Hutchinson, fancying something of rationality in the sonnet, beyond the customary reach of a she-wit, said he could scarcely believe it was a woman's. The gentleman asserted that the verses were written by Miss Lucy Apsley, and being a great admirer of the author, he was very enthusiastic in her praises. Upon this, Mr Hutchinson said, "I cannot rest until this lady returns. I must be acquainted with her." His informant replied, "You must not expect that, sir. She will not be acquainted with gentlemen. However this song may have stolen forth, she is extremely unwilling to have her perfections known. She lives only in the enjoyment of herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of our sex."

The information of this reserved humour pleased Mr Hutchinson more than all he had heard, and his thoughts became completely occupied with the hopes of seeing her. At last, news was brought that Mrs Apsley and her daughter would return in a few days. The messenger had some bride laces in his pocket, and, for the sake of fun, he allowed the company to suppose the young lady was married. Mr Hutchinson became very pale, and was obliged to leave the room. He began to think there was magic in the place, which enchanted men out of their right senses. The next day, it was ascertained that the tidings of her marriage was a mere hoax; and as soon as she arrived, Mr Hutchinson, under the pretence of escort-



ing her little sister, went to her father's house, and obtained a sight of the being who had so much occupied his thoughts. Judging from the engraved portrait of Mrs Hutchinson, she must have been eminently beautiful. At all events, the eager lover was not disappointed in her appearance; and she at first sight was surprised with an unusual liking in her soul for a gentleman whose countenance and graceful mien promised an extraordinary person.

At their first interview, there was something of melancholy negligence about her; for her parents, displeased that she had refused several advantageous offers, had urged her to a marriage for which her heart had no inclination. From a sense of duty, she tried to bring her feelings to their wishes, but was finally obliged to confess that she could not, without destruction to her happiness. Mr Hutchinson, being informed of these circumstances, and finding her willing to encourage his acquaintance, believed that the same secret power had given them a mutual inclination for each other. He visited her father's house daily, and it was not long before they had agreed to become man and wife.

The day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, she fell ill of the small-pox; her life was in desperate hazard, and for a long time the disease made her the most deformed person that could be seen; yet he was nothing troubled about it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but his justice and constancy were recompensed by her entire recovery. One thing is worthy of imitation in him: though he had as strong an affection for her as ever man had, he did not declare it till he had first acquainted his father; and after that he would make no engagement but what his love and honour bound him in, wherein he was more firm than all the oaths in the world could have made him, notwithstanding many powerful temptations of wealth and beauty; for his father, before he knew his son's inclinations, had concluded another treaty for him, much more advantageous to his family, and worthy of his liking. The parent was as honourably indulgent to his affection as the son was strict in the observance of his duty; and at length, after about fourteen months' various exercise of his mind in the pursuit, the marriage was accomplished to the full content of all.

For two years after this union, Mr Hutchinson enjoyed the dignified retirement of an English country gentleman; and as religious controversy at that time interested the whole nation, the study of theology was largely mingled with his literary pursuits. At first they resided about ten miles from London, to which Mrs Hutchinson's habits and early associations rendered her extremely attached. But their two eldest sons were twins; and as the family increased rapidly, it was deemed expedient to remove to a cheaper part of the country. They therefore retired to his estate in Awarthorpe, Nottinghamshire. Here they had not long remained before the discord of civil war, which had long been heard in the distance, sounded its fearful alarm through the land. The dreadful massacres in Ireland in 1641 aroused Mr Hutchinson to the state of public affairs. He entered warmly into the disputes existing between the king and parliament; but while he zealously maintained the pretensions of the latter, he had an earnest desire that bloodshed should be avoided, if possible.

The open demonstration of his political opinions, of course, made him an object of suspicion to the royalists, and various attempts were made to seize his person. When the parliament collected forces under the command of Lord Essex, he joined the army; and having resolved to defend the town and castle of Nottingham against the king's troops, he was chosen governor of that place. His wife followed him, sharing all his counsels and his dangers.

In addition to the difficulties with which Mrs Hutchinson was here surrounded, it happened, amid the inevitable horrors of civil war, that her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, commanded a troop of horse in the king's service, and was frequently on duty in the same part of the country where her husband was fighting for the parliament. It is, however, to the honour of the English people that this civil contest was carried on for years with few instances of personal violence. The Puritan colonel lived on very cordial terms with his Cavalier brother-in-law. Protected by mutual passes, they often visited each other, and exchanged various civilities, without any attempt on either side to persuade the other from the performance of what he considered his duty. During this trying period, when her husband was endangered by treachery within the castle, and warfare without, Mrs Hutchinson behaved most admirably. Shut up with him in the garrison, she enlivened him by her cheerful fortitude, soothed him with her tenderness, and assisted him by her advice. Her heroism and energy encouraged the troops; and she herself attended upon the sick, and dressed the wounds of the sufferers, both captives and conquerors. Her eldest daughter died in Nottingham Castle, being a weakly child, in consequence of the fatigue and anxiety her mother had undergone.

Colonel Hutchinson remained in this garrison until the close of the war; at which time his health was much impaired by the hardships to which he had been exposed. He was afterwards returned to parliament for the town which he had so bravely defended, and being appointed a member of the High

Court of Justice, for the trial of the king, he considered it his duty to concur in the sentence of condemnation against the unfortunate Charles I. After the Restoration, his punishment was limited to a discharge from parliament, and from all offices, civil and military, for ever. With this decision, he returned to Awarthorpe, where he spent nearly a year in the enjoyment of his quiet and tasteful pursuits. But Charles II. was not disposed to trust the loyalty of those who had beheaded his father. Colonel Hutchinson was seized, upon suspicion of being concerned in a treasonable plot, and was conveyed by an armed guard to London, his wife, with their eldest son and daughter, accompanying him. The prisoner was committed to the Tower, and treated with great harshness. For several weeks his wife was not permitted to visit him; but she would not rest until her earnest prayers, aided by the powerful intercession of her brother, were granted. It was her wish to take lodgings in the Tower, but this was refused. She was obliged, in the depth of winter, to walk from her residence every day to dinner, and back again at night. This was a forlorn kind of existence, but the colonel endured it with perfect content and cheerfulness. His wife bore all her own toils joyfully for the love of him, but could not be otherwise than very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings. He would very sweetly and kindly chide her for it, and tell her if she were but cheerful, he should think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befel him. Although no formal accusation was ever brought against Colonel Hutchinson, and no evidence specified as the ground of his detention, he was imprisoned in the Tower ten months. His energetic and affectionate wife laboured without ceasing for his deliverance, and his oppressors often found themselves embarrassed and confounded by her eloquent arguments. But the most urgent solicitations, aided by all the powerful intercession she could procure, were of no avail. He was suddenly removed from the Tower to Sandown Castle, in Kent, where he was confined in a very damp unwholesome apartment, with another prisoner of the most vulgar and brutal manners. Here he died on the 11th of September 1664, in the forty-ninth year of his age, after eleven months of severe imprisonment. Four sons and four daughters survived him; and for their edification Mrs Hutchinson wrote the memoir of her husband. The book might with propriety be called the History of Her Own Times; for it is in fact a very philosophical view of the state of parties in England at that period, and of the causes which produced them. In her brief sketches of public men, she evinces singular discrimination and clearness of mind; and considering how dearly her best affections were united with the interests of one party, her candour and impartiality are remarkable; but so large a portion of the work is occupied with details of the petty feuds and factions of the day, that, as a whole, it can be interesting to but few, even of English readers. Her husband is always mentioned with romantic tenderness, and deep sensibility. She evidently loved him with her whole soul; and when he was gone, she was a widow indeed. In her latter days she is known to have suffered considerably from the ruin of her husband's fortunes and patrimony.

Mrs Hutchinson was possessed of talent and learning that would have given her a high reputation in any age, and which were very extraordinary in a lady of that period; yet she performed all the duties of a woman in a most exemplary manner. The Edinburgh Review pays the following tribute to her memory:—"Education is certainly far more generally diffused in our days, and accomplishments infinitely more common; but the perusal of this volume has taught us to doubt whether the better sort of women were not fashioned of old by a purer and more exalted standard; and whether the most eminent female of the present day would not appear to disadvantage by the side of Mrs Hutchinson. There is something in the domestic virtue and calm commanding mind of this English matron, that makes the Corinnes and Heloises appear very insignificant. We may safely venture to assert, that a nation which produces many such wives and mothers as Mrs Lucy Hutchinson, must be both great and happy."

#### RAFFLING FOR A MAN TO BE SHOT.

In an interesting paper in a late number of the United Service Journal, entitled "Traditions of the American War of Independence," there is an account of the manner in which General Washington carried into execution his determination to put a stop to executing American officers by executing English officers in revenge. A Captain Haddy, of the Jersey state troops, had been executed, and Washington directed one of the officers of the English army, who were prisoners, to be selected by lot to suffer death in retaliation. The scene is thus described:—"The brigadier, however, was deaf to all remonstrances. His orders, he said, were peremptory; he was very sorry, but he could not even consent to so much delay as might be necessary to bring up a captain from Virginia, where, on the march of the depot into Maryland, he had been left. 'When all is over,' he continued, 'and the lot has declared on whom the blow must fall, then you may rely upon it that every indulgence shall be shown which you could expect, or my own feelings dictate.' But in the meanwhile, there remained but one course to pursue. A victim must be chosen from the gentlemen present, and the aide-de-camp was directed to prepare lots in another apart-

ment. It would be quite impossible to describe the sensations which I experienced, and which were, I doubt not, experienced in a like degree by others during the brief pause which ensued on this officer's departure. Few words were interchanged, though all kept up, apparently without any exertion, a good countenance. But the pause was not of long duration; for in about ten minutes the aide-de-camp returned, accompanied by another gentleman, each bearing in his hand a hat, while a drum-boy followed, as well as an officer of dragoons, the commander, as we were already apprised, of the prisoner's escort. In each hat were thirteen pieces of paper. That held by the aide-de-camp contained twelve inscribed with names and one blank; that held by the other gentleman, twelve blanks and one inscribed with a name. The drum-boy put in his hand, and after reading a name aloud, drew a slip of paper from the second hat, which, as long as it was blank, left the individual named in safety. Ten names were thus drawn; the eleventh—having the fatal mark attached to it—was that of Captain Aggill of the Guards, to whom the brigadier pointed, while he said to the officer of dragoons, 'that gentleman is your prisoner.' The excitement of the scene was now over, and he gazed upon poor Aggill with a bitterness and intensity of feeling such as defied control. He was barely nineteen years of age—lively, brave, handsome—an only son, as we all knew, and an especial favourite with his comrades. To see him, as we did at that moment, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and to know that his days, nay, his hours, were numbered—that was a demand upon the fortitude of those who loved him, such as they could not meet. We all lifted up our voices and wept; and while a warm pressure of the hand was exchanged with each in his turn, the object of so much commiseration found it no easy matter himself to restrain his tears. Nor, to do them justice, were the Americans, either within or without the house, indifferent spectators of the drama. The brigadier at once consented to delay the removal of the victim till the following morning, and readily granted a passport for the purpose of enabling an officer to set out on the instant for New York. The crowd, too—and a dense multitude was assembled round the house—evinced their sympathy by such exclamations of pity as crowds are wont to offer, while at the same time frequent voices were heard to exclaim, 'Well, them Britishers be strange chaps; they all went in laughing and talking—and now, when the thing is settled, they are all in tears, except the young man on whom the lot has fallen.' And so in truth it was; there was not a dry eye among us, except that of Aggill himself, as we proceeded from the Black Bear to Major Gordon's quarters." It is satisfactory to add, that Washington gave up his stern resolve, and Aggill was saved.

#### RUSSIAN CALCULATING BOY.

In the "Memoirs of the Imperial University of Moscow," we find the following interesting details respecting a child who is said to display the most extraordinary genius for the solution of arithmetical problems. His name is Ivan Petroff, his age eleven years, and he is the son of a simple peasant of Ragozine, a village in the district of Kologrivoff, government of Kostroma. He neither knows how to read nor write, but resolves the most complicated problems in arithmetic by the force of his imagination and memory alone. In the month of May last he was examined by the civil governor of Kostroma, when he answered every question put to him with the utmost exactness; and shortly after, Professor Perevostchikoff, on visiting the establishments of public instruction, had an occasion of witnessing the extraordinary feats in the way of calculation performed by this boy. An enumeration of the questions put to this precocious arithmetician is then given in the "Memoirs;" but as they are much the same in nature and difficulty as those which have been resolved in this country by calculating boys, we shall not weary the patience of our readers by transcribing them. It is said that he resolves these intricate questions with the greatest ease, and scarcely ever takes his eyes for a moment from the other children of the gymnasium, who are playing around him. One of these problems is perhaps worth stating, on account of its complexity. It was as follows:—A certain number of poods of sugar were purchased for five hundred rubles; if three poods more had been bought for the same sum, it would have happened that each pood would have cost three rubles less; the question then is, how many poods were purchased? On this being proposed, the boy appeared a little embarrassed; he balanced one of his feet on the other, and, turning his head aside, remained, without moving, for the space of seventeen minutes; he then replied "twenty poods." Astonished at the accuracy of the answer, the examiner asked him how he had arrived at this conclusion; but he could extract no satisfactory information from the child; but from what he said, it appeared that he had arrived at a knowledge of the true number by successive suppositions of numbers. The Emperor of Russia, on paying the gymnasium of Kostroma a visit, saw young Petroff, and had him examined in his presence, and after expressing his admiration of his extraordinary faculty, ordered the civil governor to place the sum of one thousand rubles at interest for the benefit of the boy, and instructed the director of the gymnasium to have him taught to read and write, in the Russian, German, and French languages.

## Column for Young People.

I REMEMBER, when I was a youth like yourselves, that nothing astonished me more than the variety of opposite opinions which seemed to prevail upon all subjects, both in this and other countries. It was what I could not comprehend, for as the asserter of each opinion declared that he alone was right in his theory, I could not understand how *all* could be right, if *all* differed less or more from each other. I believe that this, generally speaking, forms one of the difficulties lying in the way of youth, which unfortunately no instructor ever thinks it worth his while to explain, so that, upon a thousand important points, the bewildered boy grows up in total ignorance, or, what is worse, full of intolerant prejudices, injurious to his prospects in life, or to the society of which he becomes a member. I hope you will not take it amiss if I offer you a few words of advice on this subject.

Let us in the first place consider what is meant by opinion. It is a belief—a conviction of the senses or the understanding; nevertheless, it is a thing obviously depending on times, circumstances, and bodily temperaments. It may arise from overhasty conclusions, and may be affected by the impulses of passion. The formation of an opinion is often exceedingly deceptive. When we make up our minds, as it is called, upon any given subject, we are inclined to believe that all opinions of an opposite character have been, and are, erroneous. We are apt to laugh at every body's opinion but our own. All this betrays a deficiency of sober reflection, an ignorance of the history and faculties of mankind, and a want of knowledge of the world. The people of every country possess opinions favourable to their own fashions, customs, laws, and religion, and unfavourable to those of other nations. A love of one's own country is certainly a commendable feeling, but it should be a love arising from examination and conviction, not from prejudice. The Hindoo worships the river Ganges. *We*, by our education, know that this is nonsense. The bigoted but conscientious Turk will go to death upon it, that Mahomet was a true prophet. *We*, by our superior intelligence and reading, know that Mahomet was a vile impostor. The people who lived in our own country a hundred years ago were of belief that certain old women, whom they termed witches, could, by supernatural powers, raise tempests at sea and land, and malevolently interrupt the course of human affairs. The people who possessed this belief were perfectly conscientious in their opinion; yet *we* know that this opinion was a gross absurdity. *We* know that our ancestors believed in an impossibility. Opinion is therefore, as we see, a thing of time and place. The opinion that is supposed to be right in one century is wrong in the next. What is considered to be a right opinion in Asia, is thought wrong in Europe. What is deemed a correct and praiseworthy belief in Britain, is reckoned an absurdity in France. Indeed, it is often seen that the opinion which is held good in one district of a country, is looked upon with contempt in other districts—so that the whole world is found to be covered, as it were, with a variety of opinions and shades of opinions, like the diversified colours by which countries are depicted in a map. Opinion, I have said, is also dependent on temperament of the body. This is a melancholy truth. A fat and choleric man does not think in exactly the same way as a lean man. A man who enjoys all the comforts which opulence can purchase, has a tendency to think differently in some things from a man who is suffering under misfortunes or poverty. So strangely constituted is the principle which governs opinion, that most men have reason to alter their opinions on many points in their progress through life. They form an opinion in youth, from which, in manhood, they depart, and form another; and this other they modify into something else as old age comes upon them.

What does all this wonderful contrariety of opinion teach us? Since we see that opinion is dependent on the locality of our birth, on the age in which we live, on the condition in which we may chance to be placed, and on the physical qualities of our bodies, have we therefore no power over opinion? Must we be its slave? These are questions of a solemn character, and they must be answered soberly. The contrariety of opinion existing in times and places teaches us, in the first place, *humility*, which is the foundation of many heavenly virtues. It shows us that the opinions which we may form, particularly on abstract subjects, may possibly neither be the most correct nor the most enduring. Perhaps what we have taken up and cherished as our opinion may after all be a delusion. In learning a lesson of humility and distrust of our own style of thinking, we are impressed with a tender regard for the opinions of others—opinions which most likely have been taken up on grounds equally conscientious with our own.

Although opinion is commonly dependent on those contingent circumstances which I have noticed, it cannot be allowed that we have no power over it. We have a power over the formation of opinion to a certain extent, and it is my present object to show how this power can be exerted in order to enable us

the better to fulfil the duties of life. The reason why opinion is so illusory in its nature, is, that mankind have ever been excessively careless in the adoption of their opinions. They are in the habit of picking up random ideas, which they mould into an opinion; and after having made up their minds on what *they think* is their opinion, they will listen to no explanation of the opinions of others. Their obstinacy, their self-conceit, their self-interest, their wish to please the party to which they have attached themselves, induce them to hold fast to their original opinion, until time or experience, in all likelihood, wear it down, and its absurdity is secretly pressed upon their notice. But even after its absurdity is disclosed, they are sometimes ashamed to say they have altered it; and so, perhaps, they have one opinion which they keep locked up in their bosom, and another which they bring into daily use, and flourish before company.

It is your duty as good members of society, and with a view to self-respect, to be very cautious in the formation, and, most of all, in the *display*, of your opinions. Many excellent men, on arriving at middle life, have deeply regretted that they should have heedlessly published their early and hastily-formed opinions in youth. They had reasoned, as they thought, soundly, but it was without a knowledge of the world, or its history. They now perceive that there was something which they had not taken into account when they made up their minds; and it is principally with the view of preventing you from falling into a scrape of this nature that I now address you.

While yet under the training of parents, guardians, and teachers, it is your duty to receive with confidence the instructions by which it is attempted to enlighten your minds, and to put you in the way of well-doing. But these friends of your youth will probably tell you that when you pass from under their guardianship into the active scenes of life, you become a responsible being, responsible alike to human and divine laws; and that you must now think for yourself. At this critical period of your existence, you have every chance of coming in contact with the idle, the dissipated, the frivolous, who will try to make you embrace erroneous opinions, and who will possibly put the most mischievous books into your hands for perusal. Do not be led away by such machinations; neither be dismayed by the number of wit or profane jesters who may assail you. Do your duty manfully. In order that you may attain a correct opinion on the great debatable subjects that you will hear rung in your ears through life, begin a course of reading those good and authoritative works which intelligent friends will recommend to your notice. Take every opportunity of cultivating your understanding, of enlarging your ideas, of banishing prejudices.

I would recommend you, in particular, to study not only the history, but the *genius* of the people among whom you live. The history of the country is too frequently only a series of relations of battles, and trash of that nature; and in order to arrive at a correct knowledge of the institutions, the usages, and the genius or character of the nation, you will require to think long and coolly. Look always at the different sides of a question; for you must remember that there are always many ways of telling a story. In proportion as you advance in your private studies, and acquire a knowledge of the passions and conduct of mankind, you will more and more be able to form a correct opinion. There is one thing which you will learn with surprise from this kind of experience, and that is, that many, though holding different opinions, are driving towards the same end in the main. They have only differed upon trifles, and perhaps fought about mere words. This is one of the strange weaknesses of the human race, into which you will find it difficult to avoid falling. The more that you learn, the more will you see cause to entertain a liberal view of the opinions of others. It is the exercise of this liberality of mind which forms a distinguishing trait in the manners of our country. By the British constitution, every one is allowed perfect freedom of opinion, a gift above all price, which it is our duty not to prostitute or abuse. Let us form our opinions on solid grounds of conviction—let us cherish these opinions to the adornment of our lives—and let us so maintain a due regard for the opinions of others, that we show forth, in our feelings and actions, that most excellent of all virtues—CHARITY.

## AUSTRIAN SALT MINES.

Visitors were formerly let down and drawn up through the shaft by a rope fastened to a chain; but since the emperor—a great technologist, an especial amateur and patron of all manufactures and mechanism—visited this mine some years ago, a staircase has been contrived, the steps being for the most part cut out of the salt-bed, and boarded over. After we were clad in miners' frocks, as a protection against the moisture of the salt crystals, and provided with mine-lights, we began our journey in long lines. Ten staircases, each of three flights of nine steps—to wit, 270 steps—lead to the first story. The skillfully vaulted roofs of these immense halls—in working out which care is taken to leave as much of the salt-rock as is necessary to support the arch—are magnificent; and the reflection of the mass of torches and miners' lamps, carried by a company of more than fifty persons, from the millions of salt crystals, produced a splendid effect, especially as the most interesting points were further illuminated

by stationing there people with large pine-torches, and lighting small fires upon the lofty projections of the salt-rock. The effect was indescribably grand and beautiful. A passage by water in the second story is peculiarly interesting. The lake, which is pretty deep, winds through two immense rock caverns; and the effect of the boat, with its abundant lights, as it turned from the one cavern to the other, illuminating the dark walls, whose crystals sparkled like diamonds, was most striking. Amongst the most remarkable points is a waterfall, which, picturesquely beautiful, pours over a monstrous rock; this was duly lighted with pine-torches; and we standing thirty fathoms below, upon the staircase beside the falling water, enjoyed a magnificent sight. In the loftiest hall a chandelier has been fashioned, and left in the proper place; it has an admirable effect. But what is most beautiful is a chapel, with all its appurtenances—as altar-piece, lights, flower-wreaths, images, &c., which may be really termed a work of art. It is only a pity that these works of art are so short-lived, dissolving away in a very few years. The greatest surprise still awaited us. By the direction and at the expense of Prince Lichtenstein, which is called the ball-room, an immense oblong, very lofty, with polished walls and smoothed floor, was illuminated with coloured lamps, and adorned with transparencies, that had been used at the time of the emperor's visit. These halls are in number more than a hundred. The number of the workmen, with their superintendants, &c., exceeds a thousand; and the yearly sale of salt—which is divided into four sorts, the crystal-clear, in veins, and the greenish, grey, and black, in layers—amounts to upwards of a million and a half of hundredweights.—*Behr's Travels in the East of Europe.*

## A YOUNG LADY'S WISH.

[By Mrs Abby.]

I'm tired of myself and my nation;  
"Coming out" can afford me no bliss,  
When depressed by a dull education  
So formal and lifeless as this.  
How greatly a few foreign graces  
My manners and mind would enhance;  
I sigh for new scenes and new faces,  
I long to be finished in France!  
In a ball-room I tremble to venture,  
I cannot walk on tiptoe with skill,  
Through my eye-lashes peep as I enter,  
Or "call up a smile" when I will.  
My air is not gracefully airy,  
I look odd and demure in the dance;  
I should simper and bound like a fairy  
If I spent but a season in France!  
My attitudes make no impression  
Standing up in a *Tableau Vivant*,  
My voice has an English expression  
In the *chanson* of "*Portrait Charming*."  
Would "Acted Charade" were abolished!  
When I guess them, 'tis merely by chance;  
My wits would be sharpened and polished  
If I passed but one season in France!  
I cannot braid my hair with precision,  
My scarf will not gracefully float,  
In colours I've no just decision.  
I've a most unbecoming *capote*;  
My dress seems to set at defiance  
All efforts at grace or romance;  
Well, the *toilette* is surely a science  
That can only be studied in France!  
Then I've scarce conversation sufficient  
To amuse a few spinsters at tea,  
In *on dit* I am sadly deficient,  
I fail at a smart *repartee*;  
*Mauvaise honte*, by which many are undone,  
My senses appear to entrance;  
I shall never be fitted for London,  
Till I go to be finished in France!

## REPLY.

Dear girl, do not dream of such labours;  
Such folly is shown in your speech,  
That I really believe our French neighbours  
Could find you few lessons to teach.  
You prove that on this side the water,  
Frivoly makes quick advance.  
None would take you for England's meek daughter,  
You seem so well fitted for France!  
But say, will each foolish employment  
In which you now idly engage,  
Afford you support and enjoyment  
In the long dreary winter of age?  
Will your name the respected collection  
Of Britain's wise matrons enhance?  
No such women would shrink from connection  
With the gay thoughtless trifler of France!  
Our land, famed for valour and beauty,  
Has gifts yet more dear to impart—  
Domestic affection and duty,  
The joys of the home and the heart.  
Oh! if we would still beyond others  
In knowledge and virtue advance,  
Let us hope that our wives and our mothers  
May never be "finished in France!"  
—*New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.*

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